

THE SILENT WORLD

Vol. IV.

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No. 12.

MY ATTIC ROOM.

THIS is my attic room. Sit down, my friend.
My swallow's nest is high and hard to gain;
The stairs are long and steep; but at the end
The rest repays the pain.

For here are peace and freedom; room for speech
Or silence, as may suit a changeful mood:
Society's hard by-laws do not reach
This lofty altitude.

You hapless dwellers in the lower rooms
See only bricks and sand and windowed walls;
But here above the dust and smoky glooms,
Heaven's light unhindered falls.

So early in the street the shadows creep,
Your night begins while yet my eyes behold
The purpling hills, the wide horizon's sweep,
Flooded with sunset gold.

The day comes earlier here. At morn I see,
Along the roofs, the eldest sunbeam peep;
I live in daylight, limitless and free,
While you are lost in sleep.

I catch the rustle of the maple leaves,
I see the breathing branches rise and fall,
And hear, from their high perch along the eaves,
The bright-necked pigeons call.

Far from the parlors with their garrulous crowds,
I dwell alone, with little need of words;
I have mute friendships with the stars and clouds,
And love-trysts with the birds.

So all who walk steep ways, in grief and night,
Where every step is full of toil and pain,
May see, when they have gained the sharpest height,
It has not been in vain.

Since they have left behind the noise and heat;
And though their eyes drop tears, their sight is clear;
The air is purer, and the breeze is sweet,
And the blue heaven more near.

—Elizabeth Akers Allen.

NOT AS BAD AS HE SEEMED.

IN TWO PARTS.

I.

“ You remember Grady?—yes, that is his sign. He was about the queerest customer I ever knew. His mischievousness and audacity were unbounded; and yet way down in his boots, he was as good hearted a fellow as ever lived. If any mischief was done or any thing went wrong in the Institution, whatever it was, it was straightway laid at Grady's door, and I must own, he was seldom blamed unjustly. One Saturday, he had been cutting up as usual, and as a punishment, Mr. Fuller sent him to bed to stay all day. He escorted him to the dormitory himself and saw him undress and get into bed, and then left him, thinking, no doubt, that he had at last found a punishment that would have some effect in restraining ‘the worst boy in the Institution.’ But no sooner was he well out of sight and hearing, than the scapegrace jumped up and resumed his clothes. Then he took a blanket or two from a neighboring bed and making a long roll of them, laid it in his own bed, covering it carefully with the clothes, in such a way that at a little distance, it seemed as if he were lying quietly in bed. He spent the afternoon in the woods, and at night, came home with a huge bouquet of wild flowers, which he presented to Mr. Fuller's wife. Mr. Fuller

would never have mistrusted at all, if Grady himself had not told him, after a few days, ‘how he had fooled him,’ as he gleefully expressed it. You can imagine that he had to pay for his joke.

“ I was a little chap then, and Grady was a sort of protector to me, and used to tell me all his plans, scrapes, and punishments. You know how boys will talk as if the number of whippings they have received is a thing to be proud of. I felt great awe and admiration for Grady, and I dare say he knew it, and that his knowledge of it was why he took me so much into his confidence.

“ Grady and I were in the second class. The teacher of the second class was a mere youngster hardly out of his teens, and knew scarcely more how to manage the class, which was the most unruly and unmanageable in the Institution, than I did. One afternoon, the boys had been more than usually troublesome, and the poor teacher had had his hands more than full. He was in the farthest part of the room, correcting an exercise, and Grady drew a funny caricature of him on his large slate, which set the whole room in a roar. He turned round hastily, just in time to see a rubber pass over and efface the picture. Of course somebody ‘told.’ Mr. Brown (that was the teacher's name) sat down at his desk and wrote a note, which he directed Grady to take to Mr. Fuller, the Principal, who was teaching in a room near. Grady soon came back, saying that Mr. Fuller had read the note, and told him to tell Mr. Brown that ‘he would attend to it.’ The remainder of the afternoon, the class was very quiet; for all felt that Mr. Brown was hardly in a mood to be trifled with.

“ After prayers, Mr. Fuller ordered Grady to remain, when the others went out. As soon as the last one had gone, he closed the door, and giving him a piece of chalk, told him to draw ‘a picture just like the one he drew of Mr. Brown that afternoon.’ Grady, bold as he was, never thought of disobeying, and Mr. Fuller waited patiently until he got through. When he had finished, Mr. Fuller said, ‘You draw such pictures as that of your teacher. Go to the office, and stay there till I come.’

“ In about an hour, Grady came out of the house, looking very sullen and angry, and joined me, where I was waiting for him. ‘You know the blue raw-hide in the closet in Mr. Fuller's office?’ said he to me, ‘I have just had the worst thrashing I ever had in my life;’ and he showed me his hands all red and slightly swollen. ‘I resisted and made it worse, you see.’ Then he told me all that had happened. ‘And,’ he said in conclusion: ‘I'll get even with Mr. Brown for getting me that whipping, and if I am found out, I'll run away, I promise I will.’

“ Several days passed; Grady was unusually quiet and well-behaved. I thought he had forgotten all about the whipping and his determination to be revenged on Mr. Brown, when, one afternoon, he took me aside and said: ‘You know how proud Mr. Brown is of his horse, and how he says the horse has thrown every one who has ever ridden him, except himself.’ I assented, but said nothing; for I did not exactly see what he was driving at. ‘I am going to make that horse throw him. ‘See here,’ and he drew a chestnut-burr from his pocket, ‘I shall put this under the saddle, the first chance I get, and if it does not make the horse throw him, I don't know what will.’ I was frightened and tried to dissuade him, but it was of no use; as usual, when he had any mischief in his head, he would not listen to reason.

“ He did not have long to wait for an opportunity. It was Mr.

Brown's habit to have his horse brought round after school and tied to a post near the play-ground, to stand until he was ready to take his ride. It was no unusual thing for the boys to go near and pat and caress the horse, when he was tied to this post; for although the horse was spirited enough, he had become from long acquaintance, so accustomed to the boys that he would allow them liberties which it would not do for strangers to attempt. So Grady had no difficulty one day, when the play-ground was deserted, in going up to him and putting the burr under the saddle, in such a way that it would not be felt until some little time after the rider had mounted. He then called me to 'see the fun,' and we withdrew a little way to watch for what would happen next.

"In a little while, Mr. Brown came out and mounted and rode slowly off. When he got down nearly to the gate, the horse began to rear and plunge. Mr. Brown was a remarkably good rider and for some minutes, controlled the horse well. His efforts to control the animal seemed to madden him, and he reared and plunged more and more. The unwonted scene had by this time attracted the attention of the girls, who were sewing in their sitting-room, and they crowded to the windows. Grady was in great glee. The horse advanced slowly to the gate, rearing and plunging as he went. We could see that it required all Mr. Brown's skill to prevent his rushing off at full speed. Suddenly he reared high in the air, lost his balance, and fell over on his back. The horse lay still, with his legs straight up in the air; and Mr. Brown, seemed to be wedged in between him and the ground, in such a way that the horse could not turn over on one side without rolling over him. I looked at Grady; he was very pale, but said nothing. Some of the teachers had been watching as well as the girls; they now ran down to where the horse and man were lying. Taking hold of the horse's legs, they pushed him away from Mr. Brown; he then struggled to his feet, and was led away to the stable. Presently, we saw them lift Mr. Brown carefully in their arms and carry him into the house. Almost immediately, the Clerk came out on the play-ground and calling me, told me to go to Jones, one of the larger boys, and tell him to take the Institution horse and ride fast for the doctor. When I had performed my errand and came back, Grady was not to be found, although I sought for him all over the house and grounds."

RIGHT AT LAST.

HALF a century ago, a planter in one of the islands of the West Indies was prompted, by the loss of a beloved wife and some property, to seek a new home in the United States, and went to New Orleans. Purchasing a square of ground in the then undeveloped Fourth District of that city and building thereon a plain house, he led thenceforth a retired life, of which little more was known than that a maiden sister from the West Indies was his housekeeper and that his few slaves were the most indulged of human servitors. At his death, which occurred after only a few years of residence, the estate went by will to his sister, with the exception of one lot of ground devised to a deaf and dumb slave woman, for whom, on account of her piteous natural deprivations, the humane testator had entertained particular compassion. The humble legatee possessed several daughters, and the bequest was to be hers, with her freedom, when the oldest of these had arrived at a certain age. From the latter provision as to time came the ensuing wrongs.

The sisterly chief-inheritor of the estate sought the counsel and help of a male relative, a merchant, in the settlement of affairs, and this man speedily arrogated the authority of an owner. By his chicanery, the heiress was made to believe that the property was capable of yielding scarcely enough for her livelihood, and he did not scruple to scheme for the possession of the legacy left to the deaf

and dumb woman. Her oldest daughter, who alone knew about her late master's will, was sold in another state, while the mother and the remaining children were kept in ignorance of their hereditary right. For years and years, relates *The New Orleans Bulletin*, this usurpation was maintained, to the great enrichment of the usurper. "The war came on, and after the emancipation proclamation, the daughters and old dumb mother remained about the place a long time. In 1866, the old slave died, and the three daughters went out as servants. Years passed on, and it was only through a garrulous old lady, who had been over a quarter of a century before, a witness to their master's will, that they learned of their ownership of the ground and their bondage through fraud. They have now obtained legal advice, and their attorneys are preparing to sue the retired merchant for the land and \$50,000 damages for keeping them in slavery eighteen years. It is said that great interest in their behalf is shown by some prominent families up town. Rolling in luxury, their hard task-master has laughed at their demand for the ground, and will make no reparation."

TOO BENEVOLENT.

HENRY J. FINN, the actor—he of precious memory to Bostonians—had once an opportunity of showing how utterly absent-minded a perfectly sane person could be. On Pearl street (the Pearl street of thirty years ago), lived Mrs. L—, a widow of large wealth and unbounded benevolence. Her sympathies were strong, and swayed her entirely when once excited. Finn was one day in conversation with a brother of Mrs. L— upon the street-corner, and while they conversed, the lady in question was seen in the distance, approaching. Said Tom. (the brother)—

"There comes Betty, in a brown study, as usual. I declare, Harry, I wish you would give her a lesson in imposition. She is in just the mood for being fleeced."

Thus invited, Finn set his wits at work, and quickly conceived a bold project. Drawing up the collar of his coat, and buttoning it awry, and pulling his hair over his brow, and slouching his hat, he stood in the lady's way, and as she came up, he held out his hand imploringly.

"In Heaven's name, good woman, charity for a poor sufferer, I pray!"

Mrs. L— stopped and looked at the suppliant.

"Can you not work?" she asked.

"Alas! no, madam. I am a poor unfortunate, deaf and dumb from my cradle. Have mercy, I beg!"

The lady's eyes filled. She drew out her purse and gave the man a piece of gold, and he caught the hem of her garment and kissed it, whereat she sobbed aloud.

Tom. followed his sister home, where he asked her if she had been called upon for charity.

"O! Tom., such a case as I met on the street! A poor man, deaf and dumb from his cradle. It was dreadful!"

"But how," asked Tom., "did you know that he had been so bitterly afflicted from his cradle?"

"Why," was the answer, with simple, trustful assurance, "he told me so himself."

Of course, Mrs. L— was informed of the cheat; but it did not prevent her from enjoying the great comedian's acting thereafter, nor, fortunately for the suffering ones, did it shut up her generous heart.—*New York Ledger*.

MR. JOHN CARLIN was a pupil in the Pennsylvania Institution at the time Mr. Clerc was its Principal, and he has, therefore, as good a claim upon the oration at the dedication of the Clerc Monument as any one.

RESTRAINT IN THE USE OF SIGNS.

"WHAT is to be done with the sign language?" what shall be done with this oily, slippery language which, almost without volition, rolls off the thought that passes through the mind? How shall Mary be induced to spell upon her fingers to Josie, "Would you like to play a game of croquet this evening?" instead of saying in signs, "You want croquet evening play?" The writer will not attempt to answer these queries, because it has been repeatedly demonstrated that great harm results from the ordinary practice of pupils and teachers: this fact is almost universally admitted, and various remedies have been suggested. What is needed now, is to awaken such an interest in the importance of the subject that officers and teachers may be aroused to action. A united, harmonious, unceasing effort should be made to discourage the use of signs, except when their use is manifestly and absolutely necessary. Stringent rules upon the subject might be enforced, with a reasonable hope of a degree of success worth striving for, if all were animated by the same desire, and earnestly worked together to accomplish the same end.

When signs *must* be used, it does seem that something would be gained by conforming as much as possible to the English order, instead of making signs in the inverted or so-called "natural" order.

If there is a "natural order of thought", it is not peculiar to the minds of deaf-mutes, and I know no reason why such an order should not interfere just as much with a hearing child's progress in language as with a deaf-mute's. In the former case, we teach the child the language we want it to use, regardless of any order of thought; why not do the same with the deaf and dumb?

I saw a letter recently, which resembled the composition of an average deaf-mute graduate. I was surprised to learn that the writer was a lady, eighteen years old, in the full possession of speech and hearing. I learned that her parents and a younger brother and sister were deaf-mutes; an older brother who died at the age of sixteen, could hear and speak. In her case, companionship with her brother, association with hearing friends and playmates, and winter attendance upon country schools had not been sufficient to counteract the pernicious influence of the easier and earlier-learned language of signs. This illustrates the wonderful tenacity of the habits of thought and expression induced by signs used in the usual order; and is to me a demonstration of something more than this; but every one must make his own conclusions.

LAURA.

ALL ABOUT BLIND MAN'S BUFF.

ALL of our young readers like to play Blind Man's Buff, when they can; and so do many of the older readers, for that matter. But every one may not know that the game is more than eight hundred years old, and that it was a favorite amusement of gay courts and merry-making princes and princesses, before it became the favorite holiday pastime of boys and girls. Blind Man's Buff is one of the sports that came over to England in the train of William the Conqueror.

It had its origin in Liege, one of the fair provinces of France, in the prosperous days of Robert, the Devout, who succeeded the famous old French monarch, Hugh Capet, in the year 996.

In the year 999, Liege received, among her valiant chiefs, one Jean Colin. He was almost a giant in strength, a Samson among the Liegois, and nearly shared the experience of Samson of old, as you shall presently hear. This grim warrior used to crush his opponents with a mallet. It was considered desirable to honor him with a title which should follow his name. What should it be? Not "head-hitter," of course; but the poetical designation *Maillard*, or Jean Colin of the *Mallet*.

Feuds were of perpetual occurrence in those dark old times, and Jean Colin's mallet was kept constantly busy in quelling them. Terrible became the name of Jean Colin Maillard.

But Liege had another valiant chief, Count de Louvain, who, when Maillard had proved himself superior to all of his other opponents, continued to bear arms against him.

We can not say whether or not Count de Louvain learned his war lessons from the conduct of the enemies of Samson, but, as he was ambitious to avoid the tap of Jean Colin's mallet upon his own head, he formed the plan of putting out Jean Colin's eyes.

A great battle was fought between the two chiefs and their forces. At the very first onset Count de Louvain succeeded in his purpose of piercing both the eyes of Maillard, and he looked upon the field as already won. But the latter, with a spirit like that of blind Samson, determined that his opponents should perish with him, and ordered his esquire to take him into the thickest of the fight. There he brandished his mallet on either hand, and did such dreadful execution that his enemies fell around him in such numbers that victory soon declared itself on his side.

"But Samson-like, though blind, he dealt
Such blows as never foeman felt;
To shun them, were in vain.
This way they fled, and that they run:
But, of an hundred men, not one
Ere saw the light again."

Robert, the Devout, of France, whose troubles with his wives you may have read in history, was very fond of deeds of valor, and that of Jean Colin Maillard kindled his admiration. He lavished honors on the victorious blind man, and ordered the stage-players to bring out a pantomime of his contest with Count de Louvain for the pleasure of the court. The court were delighted with the play, for the terrible mallet of Maillard, and the warriors dropping down here and there, almost without knowing what had hit them, was all very exciting; and people in that rude age liked what was sensational even more than they do now. The children began to act a similar play in the streets, one of the players, more strong and active than the rest, being blindfolded and given a stick; and thus Blind Man's Buff soon became the popular diversion of the young in France and Normandy, where it was known under the name of *Colin Maillard*. This name it still bears in France and on the continent of Europe.

"The king repeated oft the play;
The children followed, day by day,
In merriment, as rough.
And to this time do sportive feet
Young Robert's pantomime repeat—
The play of *Blind Man's Buff*."
—Hezekiah Butterworth in *St. Nicholas for May*.

MR. W. S. SMITH, Principal of the Oregon School, was recently greatly surprised on his birth-day, by the presentation to him of a fine chromo of a scene in the Yosemite Valley by his pupils, as a slight evidence of their appreciation of his efforts in their behalf in securing legislative aid, and in organizing and placing upon a solid foundation the school which has done so much good. This incident recalls the warm words of commendation recently bestowed upon this gentleman by *The Annals*; and we take pleasure in reproducing and endorsing them: "Mr. Smith, we happen to know, has always regarded his zealous and self-denying service in Oregon as the work of a pioneer, laboring that another might enter into his labors, and has held himself ready to take a subordinate place whenever the proper time should come. We hope he will be rewarded by seeing a prosperous and useful institution built upon the foundation he has laid so well."

MRS. T. H. GALLAUDET attended the funeral of Miss Dillingham in Hartford on the 29th ult.

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WASHINGTON, JUNE 15, 1874.

A NEW Clerc Memorial association has been formed in St. Louis, and collections commenced. The officers are: *President*, John H. Kohlmetz; *Secretary*, John McGill; *Treasurer*, Thomas F. Russell. Much credit is due to the energy of the President for the organization of the Association, and the rapid collection of funds. We understand that he is a graduate of the New York Institution. There is a safe prospect of the fund soon reaching \$3,000; and the Executive Committee can now complacently view the situation, as they have, most assuredly, the right to do.

INSTEAD of calling us prejudiced fools, who "care little whether the deaf-mutes of New York are a community of beggars or cut-throats" and saying that we are "opposed to everything that originates in that State," and instead of asserting that we could readily be bribed into support of its system of begging, by the presentation of a sum, equal to that *The Journal* receives, we think that our cotemporary would do better to bring forward some genuine arguments in defence of the system under discussion. But whether it sees fit to do this or not, it ought to have sense enough to see that it is but weakening its own cause by the course it is pursuing.

THE Principal of one of our most prominent institutions was once journeying in company with a deaf-mute gentleman and his wife. As usual, their animated conversation attracted the attention of their fellow-passengers, who thought all three were deaf, and many remarks, compassionate, facetious, and otherwise, reached the ear of the worthy Principal. At last, one of two young ladies who sat in the next seat, asserted that she was certain one of the gentlemen was the husband of the lady, and she "would give her best bonnet to know which it was." At this, our Principal leant eagerly forward and spoke right out: "I am not married; I am still in search of a wife?" The reader can imagine the confusion which followed.

The Journal, with unblushing sophistry, draws a parallel between the papers sent gratuitously by individuals to the children in the various institutions and its sponging on the public treasury to furnish "industrious citizens" with their weekly newspaper. It says there is no difference between its state aid and the free places of education all over our land; and affirms that the able-bodied well-to-do man has as much right to demand that his state shall give him his weekly newspaper, as the poor wretch, crushed by some terrible accident, has to expect nursing in a public hospital. It asserts that if the persons who now get the paper free, were obliged to pay for it, they would have to forego so much daily bread. Who loses the daily bread now? Do not poorer people than these well-to-do deaf-mutes have to pinch to pay the taxes that these "law-abiding" beggars may enjoy the luxury of a weekly newspaper? Would it not be better if *The Journal*'s readers should forego this luxury, and, while enjoying their daily bread, rest serene in the consciousness that their neighbor is enjoying his also?

THE CLERC MEMORIAL UNION.

THE Report of the Executive Committee for the last three months, states that the increase in the funds amounts to \$199.21. Indiana raises \$102. of this and St. Louis about \$50. The expenses of the Committee during the three months, amount to \$36.75; and after deducting this, a total of \$2,722.69 is left. The Committee have hopes of a large increase from sales of the photograph of Mr. Clerc, of which we spoke lately.

In the execution of the monument, the most difficult and delicate part, the model of the bust, has been completed to the satisfaction of the Committee, and accepted. It is acknowledged by all those who have seen it, to be the best likeness of Mr. Clerc yet produced, "representing him," the Report says, "as most of us remember him—not indeed in his early years, for it must be remembered he was full thirty years of age, when he came to America—but also not as bowed down with the weight of years, but rather as bearing them as a crown of honor."

Formal application to the Directors of the Asylum has been made for permission to erect the monument on the site proposed, and it was, we suppose, acted upon favorably at the annual meeting of the Board in May.

Very few of the Managers have responded to the request made by the Executive Committee in their last Report. Taking silence for assent, the Committee are making arrangements for the dedication. But, as the call for the funds of the associations to be sent in, can only be constitutionally made by a vote of the Board, the Committee request the Managers to send in their votes immediately.

The Committee also desire to know the preference of the Managers as to the orator.

The steady progress made towards the consummation of this project is very commendable and we hope the next three months will wind up the affair in a manner that will be satisfactory to the great number interested in it. Signs that this will be so, could hardly be more propitious.

THE NEW ASSOCIATION.

BOSTON has always been prolific of associations in aid of the deaf and dumb, which, generally speaking, have done more harm than good by their incessant rivalries and bickerings, and have contributed much to the formation of a wide-spread opinion that deaf-mutes are a discontented and quarrelsome class. It was, therefore, with some distrust that we first learned of the attempt to form a new association, having for its objects the teaching of trades to deaf-mutes after they have left school, the opening of evening classes for the instruction of adult deaf-mutes whose education may have been neglected, the assistance of capable deaf-mutes who may desire to pursue a course of study in the National Deaf-mute College, and such as may be in sickness or distress, and the aid of existing societies in obtaining competent persons to conduct religious services and lectures. Investigation has, however, convinced us that the proposed organization will be of much practical utility; and the fact that eminent citizens of Massachusetts, among whom we are pleased to notice Mr. A. Graham Bell, are to have charge of it, is sufficient guarantee that it will be well managed.

The main object of the proposed association, that of teaching trades, will supply a want long felt. Some time since, our New York correspondent called attention to the marked deficiency of workmen trained in institution shops, and the difficulty they experienced in finding employment and in competing with ordinary workmen. At that time, we advocated the separation of mental and mechanical education as the only effective remedy for this deficiency. If this new association carries out its intent, that end will be accom-

plished, as far as the deaf and dumb of Massachusetts are concerned. It will be a great step forward, not only toward the production of skilled workmen, who will be fully competent to support themselves in comfort, but toward the better mental education of the deaf and dumb.

The other objects of the association are not so important; for, if a deaf-mute is given a good education and the knowledge of a profitable trade, he is provided with the essentials of a useful life, and ought to be taught to tax himself for the luxuries of a special lecture in signs, a weekly newspaper, or a reading-room. In saying this, we do not wish to be understood as intimating that, to obtain special services in towns where the number of deaf-mutes is not large enough to enable them to bear the whole expense, they should not accept aid from their hearing brethren, but we would have them bear their just proportion of the expense, and not leave the whole cost to be defrayed by others.

It is well to assist those who are in sickness and distress, and deaf-mutes should not only stand ready to aid each other when in trouble, but should give to hearing people who are more unfortunate than they, even as they have received. But while we are not at present prepared to oppose a special organization among the hearing to relieve sick and distressed deaf-mutes, we think that a healthy sentiment would preclude even that.

There is only one way in which it is advisable to aid the deaf-mute to go to college, and that is by lending him money enough to carry him through with frugality, and holding him to strict accountability for the debt. We do not think it would be wise to give the deaf-mute the money required for the purpose; for it would tend to destroy the spirit of self-help, which, at the age most young men are prepared to undergo a college training, ought to be awakened and nourished. It would foster the spirit of dependency which is so enfeebling in its effects, and which is now developed in deaf-mutes to such a fearful extent that a Boston paper can say "a large proportion of the class are dependent upon friends or the public for support." We all know how many are downright beggars or next door to it, and many of us have often groaned in spirit at the unintentional slights and insults to which we have been subjected for this weakness of our brothers.

For these reasons, the indiscriminate manner in which charity is now bestowed upon deaf-mutes should be abolished, and aid dispensed to them only on such occasions and for such purposes as it would be given to hearing people. Any discrimination between them is most injurious to the deaf-mute when it seems to favor him.

[CORRESPONDENCE.]

FROM NEW YORK.

ON Thursday, May 27th, the Manhattan Literary Association was favored with a lecture by Mr. Henry Winter Syle of the New York Institution. Mr. Syle took for his subject "Chemistry." He had hoped to be able to illustrate his lecture by experiments with apparatus from the School of Mines of Columbia College, of which he has been a student for some time. But on account of the examination, the apparatus had been placed under lock and key the day before the lecture, and Mr. Syle could gain no access to them; but being master of his subject, he readily found objects in the room to illustrate his remarks.

On the whole, the lecture was the best I have ever seen delivered before the M. L. A., and had Mr. Syle been aided by apparatus, he might have left a strong impression on his listeners(?) of the wondrous beauty of the Science.

A young lady here has hit upon the idea of having all the deaf-mutes of New York City and vicinity take an excursion up the Hudson, some day in the latter part of June or the first of July. The subject was broached at the last meeting of the M. L. A. and met with approval. No active measures for the excursion have yet been taken, but as the young lady in question generally manages to succeed in what she undertakes, it may be presumed that the excursion will certainly take place. There will be no class distinctions. Rich and poor will be welcomed alike.

June 8th, 1874.

EUREKA.

A STANDING INVITATION TO TEACHERS AND OTHERS.

No. 78 North Wood Street, Chicago, June 4, 1874.

To the Editors of *The Silent World*:

At a recent meeting of the "Chicago Deaf-mute Society," it was resolved to give more extensive circulation to our standing invitation to all persons in any way interested in the deaf and dumb, to deliver lectures before the Society.

In pursuance of this resolution, I wish to ask that all superintendents and teachers and others, who, during the Summer months or at any time, may be in Chicago, will gratify the deaf-mutes of the city by delivering brief lectures on religious and secular subjects.

Those who feel inclined to favor us, will do us a kindness by notifying the President, Mrs. J. M. Raffington, at 231 Walnut St., on the West side of the city. Those desiring to call on her in person, should take the Randolph Street cars to Hayne Street, and then walk one block North to Walnut Street.

The Society holds its meetings in the Chicago Ladies Seminary, on Lake Street, opposite Union Park. Yours truly,

MRS. M. A. EMERY, Sec'y C. D. M. S.

P E R S O N A L.

MR. O. D. Cooke, now a professor in the New York Institution, it is thought, will be called to the charge of the new institution soon to be established in New Jersey.

MR. H. W. SYLE, 't is said, intends to start an evening school in New York City, to brighten the intellects dulled by eight hours' confinement in the New York Institution on the new plan.

MR. ALPHONSO JOHNSON, who severs his connection with the New York Institution at the end of this month, thinks of starting a school for deaf-mutes in Watertown, in the North-western part of New York. He is, however, open to conviction that it would be wiser for him to accept a situation in some other institution.

MR. JOB TURNER, of the Virginia Institution, is suffering from severe nervous prostration, which has at times threatened his life. At present, he is spending his time in the country at some distance from Staunton. His wide circle of friends will regret his illness, and unite with us in wishing him a speedy restoration to health.

THE Rev. Thomas B. Berry, of Albany, is doing good service in Northern New York, in connection with the Church Mission for Deaf-mutes. He recently organized a branch in Rochester, and Bishop Cox has licensed Mr. John C. Acker of that place, as lay-reader, to conduct its services. Previous to this, four deaf-mutes were baptized and confirmed in Rochester.

MR. EDMUND BOOTH, of *The Anamosa (Iowa) Eureka*, intends to come East sometime and spend a month, but the nature of his business will not permit it this Summer, and, consequently, he will not be present at the dedication of the Clerc Memorial, much to his own regret, and the regret of those who know him and are aware of the prominent part he took in the dedication of the Gallaudet Monument.

MR. A. D. SHAW and wife are spending several weeks in Washington. The lady is the eldest daughter of Dr. Thomas Gallaudet.

MR. J. A. JACOBS, the Principal of the Kentucky Institution, is now visiting institutions in the North and East, seeking to familiarize himself with all recent inventions and appliances in the instruction of deaf-mutes. He also intends to secure some teachers to fill vacancies in his Institution.

JULIA BRACE AND LAURA BRIDGMAN.

WITH no little surprise, I read the article copied from *The Hartford Times*, headed "Laura Bridgman." I say with surprise, for the first sentence or two showed that the writer was speaking, not of Laura Bridgman, but of Julia Brace.

Laura Bridgman was never at the Asylum at Hartford, except as a visitor. She was educated at the Perkins Institution for the Blind, in South Boston, by Dr. S. G. Howe, and made wonderful progress in the acquisition of our language, spelling on her fingers, and discerning by a marvelously quick and diligent touch whatever was spelled on the fingers of others. Of several blind deaf-mutes who have been educated in language, her attainments were most remarkable. In fact, she was, considering her threefold privation, a miracle of intelligence. The doings and sayings of a crowned queen were not more extensively published or read with more eager curiosity than those of Laura Bridgman twenty to thirty years since.

Julia Brace is fifteen or twenty years older than Laura, and is a native of Hartford, or of the suburb of West Hartford, in which the Asylum was located. Like Laura, she was not born blind, but lost sight and hearing by disease in childhood. It is said that shortly after her long night set in, she said to her attendant, "why do not you light a lamp, it will never be day." She soon, of course, forgot how to talk, when she could neither see nor hear any answer. She was placed in the American Asylum about fifty years ago, and there I saw her forty-one years ago, when she was about eighteen. The attempt was made by Laurent Clerc, I believe, to teach her words by the sense of touch,* and her only mode of communication was by signs. By this language, she could make known her wants and wishes, and exchange items of intelligence regarding mutual acquaintances.

When, one day, Laura Bridgman came to Hartford, as she expressed it, "to see the deaf and dumb folks," the two blind deaf-mutes became quite attached to each other, and it was decided to send Julia to East Boston, to see if Dr. Howe's system, discarding all signs but those we all make for emphasis or clearness of indication, and teaching by constant repetition of words and phrases by the manual alphabet; and so wonderfully successful in the case of Laura, would work a new miracle for Julia. But partly on account of her too advanced years, partly that she lacked Laura's quickness of apprehension, her strong retentive memory for words, and her mental habit of spelling words, the system was a complete failure in Julia's case, and she returned to Hartford to go groping through life by the aid of her signs.

Julia's case attracted a very wide-spread interest, before the more remarkable case of Laura threw her into the shade. For many years, she was supported by contributions dropped into a box in the hall, by visitors to the Asylum. A charitable lady, Mrs. Martha Johannet of Salem (if I remember the name right), be-

queathed an annuity to this thrice unfortunate girl, sufficient to support her in comparative comfort. I presume she is now in the care of her own relatives. The article from *The Hartford Times*, changing the name, probably gives a truthful account of her.

There is another strange blunder in the article in question. It makes the "interesting daughter of Dr. Cogswell, deaf, dumb, and blind." Alice Cogswell, the first pupil of the American Asylum, and the child whose early privation of hearing interested the revered T. H. Gallaudet in his youth, and led to the introduction of the art of deaf-mute instruction into America, was no more blind than the writer or reader is. She is represented as having been a very intelligent, bright girl. She died, not long after she left school, from the shock of her beloved father's death.—*J. R. B. in The Journal.*

COLLEGE RECORD.

CLOSING exercises take place on Wednesday, the 24th.

WE wonder if some people know it is wicked to eat strawberries in the garden.

UNBOUNDED, umbrageous umbels and big, burly bugs are now both ubiquitous and bothersome.

BETSEY, the bay-mare, has contributed to the material prosperity of the Institution by presenting it with a fine colt.

THE children at the President's have a tent, under whose grateful shade they can disport themselves these pleasant summer days.

SIGNS of vacation have commenced to appear on the bulletin—"A trunk wanted"; railroad maps; "duds for sale"; admonitions to students desiring tickets, etc.

WE regret to announce that a certain Junior's brain is seriously, though we hope not dangerously, afflicted by a new malady, unknown to Science, but believed to be "Congress Mania."

WONDER who that student was, we saw parading up and down the *Dumenade* the other evening in the moonlight, with one of those peerless beauties of the "Emerald Isle" hanging on his arm?

THE Class pictures in the Reading Room have been adorned with the names of the persons therein presented, to satisfy the curiosity of the new comers; and thereby "ye ancients" know that the memory of them is passing away.

SPARROW and Crane, birds of a feather, not only go together, but they have taken a wee little rabbit, which they found in a nest on the ball-ground, into their companionship and their room, and are hospitably providing for its wants.

THE ivy of '70 best deserves the motto of '72, "*Ne Cede Malis;*" for it has shown a determination not to yield to the evil treatment it has received from coal heaps, stray bricks, and *debris* of every sort, and is now hopefully climbing the College wall.

THE Sunday School came very near having a pic-nic on the 6th, at the Little Falls of the Potomac but Old Probabilities put a veto upon the proceedings by sending a pouring rain. It will come off some time, and the children find considerable consolation in this fact.

WHILE we were returning to the College, via H. Street Railway, on a gloomy night, not long since, with a thunder-storm rumbling over our heads, threatening to burst on us in all its fury at any moment, we were hailed by a benighted traveller. With the prospect of collecting five cents more, the driver stopped to admit him. But our friend on reaching the platform, only thrust in his head and inquired the way to the U. S. Treasury. Now there happened to be seated opposite us a fellow with a fiery nose, whose manoeuvres but too plainly bespoke a fond lover of "the cup." Having re-established his equilibrium which the sudden stopping of the car had somewhat embarrassed, he exclaimed: "You-hic-follow-the -track-hic-and-you-will-hic-find-the-Treasury-hic-any-where-hic."

A PARTY of a dozen, headed by Professor Chickering, went to the Great Falls of the Potomac by canal-boats, on the 29th, and spent Decoration Day in geological, botanical, and piscatorial researches. Those who preferred to test the hardness of the Lower Silurian limestone by sitting on it for hours with a pole in their hands, soon found it was very hard; while those who simply loafed and gazed smilingly at the falls of water and of humanity, enjoyed themselves better. All, however, unite in praising the sail in gliding boats, on moonlight evenings, through the narrowing gorges and out into the widening vistas, through which the canal pursues its winding way. To one who enjoys fine scenery and picturesque surroundings, and does not mind barked shins, a trip to the Great Falls is very refreshing.

*Dr. Peet told me one day, that he thought Mr. Clerc was too soon discouraged; that the greatest perseverance in a case where the results at first must be necessarily slow, might have given Julia a fair command of language.

INSTITUTION NEWS.

MICHIGAN.

THE most notable event recently was the visit of the well-known Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton to the Institution. She came by the invitation of the Hon. A. L. Aldrich, one of the Trustees, and delivered a short address in the Chapel, which was interpreted to the deaf-mutes by the Principal. Her remarks were, of course, on her favorite topic—"Woman's Rights."

Several cases of sickness have prevailed of late among the pupils, the most serious being attacks of scarlet-fever. Under the good care of Dr. Clarke, they have been brought under control, and it is hoped that no fatal case will occur.

Vacation draws nigh. The pupils are glad, of course. Dr. Gallaudet of New York will be Chairman of the Examining Committee.

Nearly all of the gentlemen teachers, your humble correspondent not excepted, contemplate being at the Belleville Convention in July.

* * * * *

stage were the Hon. Calvin Day, President of the Board of Directors, Rev. W. W. Turner, well-known as a former Principal of the Asylum, and Dr. Thomas Gallaudet, Rector of St. Ann's Church of New York. His mother, Mrs. Thomas H. Gallaudet, Messrs. Allen and Baldwin, who were stewards here, Mrs. P. C. White, Messrs. Bunce and Parsons of the Directors, and the Pastor of the church to which Miss Dillingham belonged, Rev. J. H. Twichell were also present.

The Principal, Mr. Stone, began the services with selections from the hymn which opens:

"Servant of God, well done!
Rest from thy loved employ;
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy master's joy."

The hymn was felt by all to be very appropriate. It ended as follows:

"Soldier of Christ, well done!
Praise be thy new employ;
And while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Savior's joy."

Then followed verses from the Bible peculiarly suitable to the occasion—verses of comfort to the mourner—verses which dispel the Christian's fear on entering the dark valley, and which give us hope of a blessed immortality.

Prayer was then offered by Rev. J. H. Twichell, whose concluding words were somewhat as follows: "Shall we then be sorry? Shall we weep and mourn for our dead friend? shall we pity her, that death has struck her down? No, no. Even now, we can almost see her in glory surrounded by the angels, let us rejoice rather, that she is now so happy. It is very pleasant this Spring day. The green grass, bright sunshine, pretty flowers, sweet-toned birds, balmy air, all make an earthly paradise. She can not see, can not enjoy it, but oh! she knows no more sin and sorrow, trouble will not come to her again. Let us think of her good works and how happy she is in her reward. Here she was deaf, now her ears are opened, and she is gladdened with the words "Well done, good and faithful servant! enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." Here she was dumb. Now her tongue is loosened and pours forth praise before the throne of God.

"We may well profit by her example and trust in God at all times, through all our life. Let us ask Him for help in time of need, and He will give us His strength. Let every one try to do right; for death will surely come. Let the young prepare as well as the old. Many do not live on earth as long as she has. Let us lay up, not earthly, but heavenly riches, without which we are poor and wretched indeed; and may we all at last, be clothed in shining robes of spotless white, our sins cleansed in the blood of the Savior, to dwell forever in heaven. In the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, amen."

Rev. W. W. Turner then gave a brief sketch of her life. He began by referring to the solemnity of the occasion. "Our friend whom we have long known, is dead. We feel sad. But when we think that she had a beautiful character and a firm and abiding faith in Christ, as the Savior, we can hope that she is now happy in heaven."

"In looking over the old Asylum Reports, we find that she came to this Institution when Rev. Thomas H. Gallaudet was Principal. One of her compositions, written during her school-days, was printed in one of the annual Reports. It was "About My Early Life." She was born in Lee, Mass., in 1802. She had an older sister, born deaf and dumb like herself. They communicated with each other by signs of their own invention, and had an idea that they were the only deaf and dumb persons in the world. Of the Deity, they formed no conception; their knowledge of the wide world was limited to what they had seen. At an early age, both went to a school where hearing and speaking children were taught, but the only things they learned there were knitting and sewing.

"At ten years of age, a doctor was consulted, and undertook to cure the younger sister's deafness, but after two weeks' treatment, he gave up the attempt, with the remark that she was beyond human skill; God alone could open her ears.

"You all know that the Asylum began its existence in 1817. In 1819, Miss Nancy Dillingham came here. She was then seventeen years old, and already knew the deaf and dumb alphabet and many words. She was first taught by Mr. Orr. He resigning, I took his place in 1821, and found Miss Dillingham in my class, and one of the best scholars.

She left in 1826. For some years after this, she had duties in a family school, where her brother Charles was. These she performed faithfully, and won the respect of all.

In 1846, Mr. Weld being Principal and Mrs. White, Matron, she was sent for to fill the then vacant position of assistant Matron in the Asylum. She expressed herself as glad of this opportunity to do good to her fellow-mutes, but especially to attend divine services in the Chapel. She was gladly welcomed by all who had known her, and those who had not, soon learned to love her.

From 1846 till now, a period of nearly twenty-eight years, she has been connected with this Institution, doing her share of the good work.

PITTSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA.

I suppose that many readers of your valuable paper may have heard that the Elwood Railroad Company, which claimed the right of way through the grounds on which the Institution is to be located, some months ago commenced laying rails through the grounds, without the permission of the Board of Trustees. The Trustees accordingly obtained an injunction from the Court of Common Pleas, restraining the Railroad Company from laying their rails through the grounds belonging to the Institution. The Company immediately appealed to the Supreme Court at Philadelphia, and last November, obtained a decision dissolving the injunction. The Board of Trustees then began suit for damages against the Company in the Court of Common Pleas, alleging that the laying of the rails of the Company through the grounds of the Institution, would permanently injure the grounds, and render them unfit for the location of an institution for the deaf and dumb. The Court refused to allow damages; and the Trustees will appeal to the Supreme Court, and it is hoped that a hearing will be obtained during the October term. I am informed that, if the decision is against the Trustees, the Company will probably sue them for damages for loss of time and money.

The day-school is flourishing finely, and has about thirty-five pupils. The pupils are getting along very well under the instruction of Mr. Woodside and his sister, Miss Woodside. Most of the Pupils live in Pittsburg and Alleghany City, and go to and from the school every day: those who live out of these two cities, board at the Home for Deaf-mutes on Wylie street. Last Winter, the Legislature granted an appropriation of \$2,000 for the support of the children during the present year.

Miss Woodside, who was at one time Matron of the Home, tendered her resignation last February, on account of ill-health. Miss Watson was appointed in her stead, but did not continue long in the position, owing to her inability to understand signs. Miss Nannie C. Davidson was appointed temporarily, and will have charge of the Home until the expiration of the school term, on the last Friday in June. It is expected that Miss Davidson will be permanently appointed in the Fall.

I am told that there is a respectable and wealthy lady, who wishes to employ as governess, some refined lady competent to instruct her little deaf-mute daughter, ten years of age. She would prefer a hearing lady who could come well recommended, and is willing to pay a very liberal salary. She will send a lady to the Belleville Convention for the purpose of making inquiries and obtaining information.

S. D.

AMERICAN ASYLUm.

"DIED, on Wednesday morning, May 27, of pneumonia, Miss Nancy Dillingham, in the seventy-second year of her age. Funeral, Friday afternoon at 3 o'clock. Burial private."

Such, in brief, was the announcement which told a busy public that one of our friends had passed away. One, who, a few short days before, was working with us, but who now was at rest. We could scarcely realize that she was dead. We half thought to see her cheerful face when the door opened. We felt she was only away for a time, on a visit, perhaps, to come back soon; but when we looked on the earthly tabernacle, shortly to be consigned to the ground, we felt she was not there. She had gone to a better world. She was even then beholding those glories which God has for his people.

Her sickness was brief. She performed the usual duties of her position—that of assistant Matron—up to the Saturday preceding the day of her death. During her illness, all was done for her that could be, but her strength was not sufficient to throw off the disease. Wednesday morning at 8 o'clock, she died in peace.

On Friday, P. M., at 3 o'clock, the pupils, officers, and teachers of the Institution assembled in the Chapel. There were present numerous friends from the city, who had known the deceased for years. On the

She was happy and cheerful in disposition—kind and obliging in her duties—faithful and devoted to the deaf and dumb—but above all, a Christian. When the news of her older sister's death—her deaf and dumb sister—was broken to her by Dr. Gallaudet, while she was a pupil—when he spoke kindly and reminded her of the solemnities of life, death, and eternity, an impression was made on her heart which never seemed to be weakened, but grew with years. She was long a member of Dr. Hawes' Church. When the new Congregational Church was built near the Asylum, Rev. J. H. Twichell, Pastor, she joined it by letter, and notwithstanding her deafness, was quite a regular attendant in the house of God.

"She was consistent in all her beliefs and works, a humble, but earnest laborer in the Lord's Vineyard, and when the end came, had no fear of death.

"There are many here who will remember her kindness, while they were under her charge. Her love, her ever being for the right, her faithfulness will not be lost in the grave. If we do our work with as great a faith in God as she had, we may hope to meet her in heaven."

The closing prayer was offered by Dr. Thomas Gallaudet.

After the services, the visitors and pupils quietly filed out of the Chapel to take a last look at the remains. A beautiful rosewood casket decked tastefully with flowers, contained all that was left on earth of our friend. Under the care of Prof. D. E. Bartlett, the body was taken to Pittsfield, Mass., for burial. On Saturday noon, while the sun was shining brightly and the birds were singing, her grave was filled, upon a grassy knoll under whispering trees, in Pontoosuc Cemetery, side by side with the remains of her parents, who had gone before long ago. And now to the thoughtful among us comes the question: "Who next?"

Hartford, June 1, 1874.

W. L. B.

MARRIED.

WOOD—WALKER—On the 20th day of May, 1874, Mr. Eugene W. Wood and Miss Mattie Walker were married. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Dr. Cyrus Nutt, D. D., LL. D., President of the Indiana State University at Bloomington, assisted by Mrs. M. Wilson and Mr. W. M. French. Mr. Wood was educated at the American Asylum at Hartford, Connecticut, and removed with his parents to Greenfield, Hancock County, Indiana, a few years ago. He was appointed a teacher in the Indiana Institution, and filled the position with credit to himself for two years, and then resigned. Miss Walker was educated at the Indiana Institution. She was born at Harrodsburg, Monroe County, Indiana, where she spent all her life until her marriage. She has a host of friends there, and nearly all over the County. The wedding took place at the residence of Mrs. M. Wilson in Bloomington; and a few invited friends witnessed the ceremony. The happy couple started to La Fayette, after the ceremony was over, on a bridal trip, before going home. May their lives be pleasant and happy.

CINCINNATI.

DIED.

IN Plymouth, Conn., Charles T. Gilbert, a graduate of the American Asylum, died on the 2d of April last, of lung fever. He was a fond and faithful husband, a tender and loving father. The joy of his home seemed full; but when the shadow fell, the light went out, and his stricken speaking wife is left alone, with three little children, who mourn their loss deeply. We feel much sympathy for them. E. C. O.

THE FORTNIGHT.

THE Arkansas scandal is to be investigated by a Committee of Congressmen.

Fears are expressed that some of the most extensive champagne houses in France will fail this year, in consequence of the damage inflicted by the late storms on New Jersey apple-trees.

"Well, my boy, how did you like the new school, did you learn anything to-day?" inquired an anxious mother of her five-year-old. "O, yes!" replied the child, with an air of proud satisfaction, "I learned golly."

One of our fashionable youths donned his first silk hat and cigar Saturday evening. He got along well enough with the cigar, but he had to give up the hat—it made him sick at the stomach.

A hundred years ago, there were no railroads, steamboats, telegraph lines, gas burners, furnaces, sewing machines, photographs, friction matches, revolvers, percussion caps, india-rubber shoes, free schools, salary grabs, or dead locks.

The Grand Duke Alexis took back to Russia, a remembrance of his visit to London, in the shape of an English bull-dog, which he was obliged to lead on board the vessel himself, the Russian sailors not liking the appearance of the animal.

At Genesee, N. Y., half-a-dozen robins pounced upon the back of a cat that had seized a young fledgling just learning to fly, compelling grimalkin to release her prey and make for cover with all possible speed, her irate assailants pursuing vigorously.

Pope Pius IX completed the eighty-second year of his age on the 13th of May. His Holiness received 170,000 letters of congratulation—12,000 of them from Italians—during this one day, and huge baskets filled with other epistles of the same sort, were carried to his chambers in the Vatican, after he had retired.

William S. Brown, of Candia, Conn., who recently committed suicide, left minute directions in regard to the conduct of his funeral: who the bearers should be, what text the minister should preach from, &c., and requested all who might look upon his remains, to place in a box which he had nailed to the door of his house, contributions of money for his wife, who was very poor.

Mr. Bristow, of Kentucky, has been appointed Secretary of the Treasury in the room of Mr. Richardson, who goes to the Court of Claims. Mr. Bristow is a lawyer by profession, who served with distinction, and was wounded in the Union army during the war. He has the reputation of being able, sensible, and a good lawyer, and has had extensive experience of men and affairs, though not of finance properly so called.

A woman confessed to a priest that she was guilty of scandal. He gave her a ripe thistle top, and told her to scatter the seeds, one by one, in every direction. She obeyed, and returned after her task was done. He then ordered her to go back and collect the scattered seed. She objected, saying it would be impossible. He replied it would be still more impossible to gather up and destroy all the evil reports which she had circulated about others.

Nothing so vexes a physician as to be sent for in great haste and find little or nothing the matter with the patient. An eminent English surgeon was once sent for by a gentleman who had received a slight wound. On his arrival, he sent his servant back in great haste to get a certain kind of plaster. The patient, turning pale, said: "Sir, I hope there is no danger." "Indeed there is," answered the surgeon, "for if the fellow doesn't run like a race-horse, the wound will be healed before he can possibly get back."

A Chinaman entered a store in Helena, Montana, the other day, and walking up to the counter, deposited a grasshopper thereon, saying, as he gazed upon the clerk with a confiding look: "He too much hoppee; all hoppee—stop him. You sabbee?" The obliging clerk at once commenced measuring off mosquito bar, to the intense delight of the heathen. The grasshoppers had been destroying his garden, and wanting to purchase some mosquito bar, but not knowing the name of the article, he brought the destroyer with him, and the clerk understood in a moment the article needed.

It is becoming more plain that the failure of General Concha to follow the Carlists up promptly after his victory before Bilboa, has enabled them to reorganize their forces and even resume the offensive. At the latest reports, they were besieging Hernani, a town in Guipuscoa, on the main road from Bayonne, and had reduced it to the last extremity, and were also assailing San Sebastian and pressing it hard. Serrano has, in the meantime, gone to Madrid to take charge of politics, and it is reported, will shortly submit the question of monarchy or republic to the people, and if there is a monarchical majority, will offer the throne to Don Alfonso.

A trumpeter of a regiment stationed at the Cape of Good Hope, drank so much one night, that he could not stand up, and in this situation, his companions carried him out in the open air and laid him down to get cool and sober. He soon fell asleep, and a wild beast happening along and thinking him dead, lifted him up and carried him off, expecting to have a good meal of him. The fellow on awakening, was horror-struck to find himself in the power of a ferocious beast, which was making off to the mountains with him as fast as possible. But his fear brought him to his senses, and seizing his trumpet, which hung about his neck, he sounded a terrible blast, at which the beast thinking he had a dead man to deal with, became as much frightened as the man was with his situation. The prey was dropped, and captor and captive, equally alarmed, scampered in opposite directions as fast as possible.